THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 3, 1806.

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

A Short time since died, at Eddiston, in Yorkshire, Edward Norton, aged 58, by trade a tinker, which he followed zealously 'till about six weeks before his death. His apartments pourtrayed symptoms of the most abject poverty, though at his death he was found to be possessed of property to the amount of between five and six thousand pounds. He had a wife and several children, whom he brought up in the most parsimonious manner, often feeding them on grains and the offals of meat, which he purchased at reduced prices. He was no less remarkable in person and dress; for, in order to save the expence of shaving, he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face, to hide, in some measure, this defect. He never suffered his shirt to be washed in water; but, after wearing it 'till it became intolerably black, he used to wash it in urine, to save the expence of soap. His coat, which time had transformed into a jacket, would have puzzled the wisest philosopher to have found out its original colour, so covered was it with shreds and patches of different colours, and those so diversified, as to resemble the trophies of the different nations of Europe, and seemed to vie with Joseph's "coat of many colours."

The interest of his money, together with all he could heap up from this penurious mode of living, he used to deposit in a bag, which bag was covered up in a tin pot, and then conveyed to a brick kitchen; one of the bricks was taken up, and a hole made just large enough to hold the pot; the brick was then carefully marked, and a tally kept behind the door of the sum deposited. One day his wife discovered this hoard, and resolving to profit by the opportunity, took from the pot one out of sixteen guineas that was then placed there. Her husband soon discovered

the trick, for when he came to count his money, and finding it not agree with the tally behind the door, which his wife did not know of, he taxed her with the theft, and to the day of his death, even on his death bed, he never spoke to her without adding the epithet of Thief to every expression. In his younger days, he used, at the death of any of his children, to have a little deal box made to put them in, and, without undergoing the solemn requisites of a regular funeral, he would take them upon his shoulder to the place appropriated for their reception; where, once interred, he seemingly coincided with the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind," and went home as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

A short time before his death, which he evidently hastened by the daily use of near a quart of spirits, he gave strict orders that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually the case, the lid being fastened with hinges made of cord; there was no inscription on the coffin, but barely the initials E. N. cut out on the lid. His shroud was made of a pound of wool; his coffin was covered with a sheet instead of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he left half-a-crown; and, at his particular desire, not one who followed him to the grave wore mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners seemed to try whose dress should be the most striking, the undertaker even being habited in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat. He died without a will; and his fortune was equally divided among his wife and family.

Description of the Princesses' Dresses at St. James's, on the 18th of January, 1806.

Princess Elizabeth.

A Magnificent dress of puce velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; the ground-work of the petticoat richly spangled with large bunches of wheat in sheaves; on the right side an immensely large drapery, embroidered over in leaves to represent the shamrock, with a massy border of gold bunches of grapes, foil vine-leaves, and tendrils branching from the cornucopia, supported by a point drapery in waves of rich spangles, forming a picturesque appearance, and festooned at the end with bunches of gold tassels; on the left side, correspondent drapery, diversified in their embroidery with wheat-sheaves; the bottom a rich shell-work of foil, all furnished with gold cords and tassels; train, puce velvet tissue, trimmed with point lace, bunches of vine-leaves, with a superb fancy fringe, and ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress, a puce velvet bandeau and plume of ten fine puce-coloured feathers, with a puce-coloured

loured velvet drapery, most superbly embroidered in gold *lama*, the effect of which was elegant and splendid.

Princess Mary.—Her royal highness's dress almost surpassed the magnificence of eastern grandeur, being composed of mas sive gold and silver tissue, interspersed with green foil in drapery, and relieved alternately by tasteful festoons of green velvet, embroidered with gold to correspond; petticoat of green velvet richly embroidered with gold spangles and fancy figures, *a-la-Turc*, of gold and green foil; bottom a broad fancy border of palm leaves, and finished by a brilliant gold *rollio*. The whole was completed by a sash of plain gold tissue, and gold cords and tassels; train, gold tissue upon green velvet. Head-dress, a green velvet bandeau, with a plume of green feathers.

Princess Sophia.—A royal purple velvet petticoat, richly embroidered round the bottom with beautiful gold flowers; over it was a superbly rich silver-worked Indian tissue, of exquisite delicacy and great value; to which was added, a broad gold trimming of embossed embroidery, with sapphire stones, and tucked up with tassels of a most uncommon kind; the robe of purple and gold velvet, richly ornamensed with gold trimming.

Princess Augusta.—Her royal highness wore a white crape richly embroidered gold petticoat, wtth oak and acorn border at the bottom, and acorn tassels on the right side: two draperies of gold net, with oak and acorn bunches embroidered round each: short drapery on the left in points of the same; the whole drawn up with large acorn tassels and cords; body and train ornamented with rich gold fringe; embroidered sleeves, tops with gold loops of acorns.

Princess Amelia.—A garter blue petticoat in gold; on the bottom of the petticoat a superb vandyke and tassel fringe, rich embroidery of gold leaves, which were formed in an oval chain, making a most elegant border; above the fringe, on the right side, were three draperies; the bottom was of velvet, richly embroidered in gold, the design was of an antique scroll of *cornucopias*, which were so displayed as to make an elegant border. The second was of a gold tissue, relieved in large agrafts of gold, the top drapery was of velvet, with the border of the same embroidery as the bottom drapery; the ground work was richly zebraed in spangles; on the left side was a square drapery of gold tissue, with a border of the same embroidery. All the drapery was relieved by a magnificent gold cord, with gold tassels. The train of garter blue velvet, trimmed with gold fringe. Head-dress a purple velvet bandeau, with a plume of purple feathers.

Character of that elegant Scholar, the late James Hare, Esq.

THIS gentleman, who died in 1804, was eminent as a wit, a politician, a classical scholar, a man of taste and fashion; whose talents, as known to his friends, gave him among them the reputation of being one of the ablest men of this age. He was the grandson of the famous Bishop Hare; who was, in his earlier life, chaplain to John Churchill, duke of Marlborough; who wrote, in defence of his patron, several important pamphlets in opposition—*impar congressus Achilli*—to the Conduct of the Allies, the Remarks on the Barrier-treaty, and the Examiners of Swift; who distinguished himself afterwards by proposing a new theory of the measures of the poetry of the Hebrews; and who giving also an edition of the comedies of Terence, was, with Pearce, on account of his Longinus, thus alluded to in the satire of Young:

"When churchmen scriptures for the classics quit;
"Polite apostates from God's grace to WIT."

The grandson was educated at Eton, where the quickness and early vigour of his genius made him eminent among his school-fellows, and impressed upon the minds of youths, since the most distinguished men of their time, a respect for his talents, and a delight in his society, which were never to be effaced. He came into the high and fashionable society of London, and into the bustle of political life, about the same period with Mr. Fox, the earl of Carlisle, and those contemporaries of the same standing, whose names have been oftenest mentioned in association with their's. He was considered as the very flower and pride of the wits of the minority during the American war, and amid all the various subsequent fortunes of Mr. Fox's party. Even with the late Mr. Tickell, with Mr. Sheridan, and with all the wits of the Rolliad, he was esteemed, for wit, no inferior co-adjutor.

He was an active friend to the party, in the famous contest for the representation for Westminster, and the subsequent scrutiny, both so prolific in exquisite *jeux d'esprit*. Yet, like the late Mr. Gibbon, he was withheld by some unaccountable whim or timidity from aspiring to the distinction of an orator in parliament. But his talents for business were in such esteem, that, if his party had ultimately triumphed, he would undoubtedly have obtained eminent political employment. He obtained by marriage the affinity of a noble family. He was, to the last, the delight of his friend, and still capable of pouring out the treasures of genuine wit with native vivacity and ease. His wit was pointed, natural, free from the strainings and vulgarities of false taste, in short, pure attic salt. He was much a favourite

vourite at Devonshire-house. It is the common voice of those who knew him, that seldom has English society lost a man that was fitter to delight and to adorn it.

Theatrical Anecdote of old Linnet, the strolling Player.

LINNET, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but was informed that it was under the controul of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or other amusements. However, notwithstanding this seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurances of his meeting with success. With this encouragement Linnet boldly pushed to the justice's house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves. This mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter? Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror. 'Tis proper to explain.

Then thus it was:—The comedy of the Bold Stroke for a Wife had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, on this occasion, resolving to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage waistcoat he had worn in the Colonel, in one of the pockets of which was a letter supposed to be sent by the Colonel's friend to Obadiah Prim, upon hearing that the real Simon Pure was actually come, which, if not timely prevented, must ruin the Colonel's design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus—"There is a design formed to rob your house and cut your throat." The justice rang his bell; a servant appeared—"Where is the man that brought this letter?"—"In the hall, Sir."—"Call him up directly." While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old Quorum read on—"The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more"—(here old Linnet made his appearance).—"Well friend," says the justice, "you belong to a *gang:* how many are there of you?"—"We are fourteen in all, Sir."—"Fourteen! and where are you all?"—"At Tool's, Sir, at the Swan."—"Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you and your tools presently."—"Many thanks to you, Sir. 'Squire —— told me you would encourage us."—"Aye, was it he sent you to my house?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?"—

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"We always begin about seven o'clock, Sir."—"You do! here Thomas, here, seize this hardened, daring old villain: he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan public-house!"—"I did not think this of you," says the servant to Linnet.—"What! do you know the fellow, Sirrah?"—"Yes, Sir, he is master of the play."—"A player! and are not you an open and avowed murderer?"—"Oh Lord, Sir, what do you mean?"—"Look at this letter, you hang-dog! did you not deliver this to me?" Who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment upon the discovery of this mistake?—"Oh, dear Sir, I beg your pardon, here's 'Squire ——'s letter, I hope this will satisfy you."—"Hold him 'till I see what's here." On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with a full permission for his performing, with this piece of wholesome advice—never to forget his part again.

MEMOIRS *of the late* LORD NELSON.

(Continued from Page 76.)

EACH succeeding disappointment seemed to inflame the intrepid Lord Nelson with new ardour in his unparalleled chase of the enemy's fleet; and when he at length found that they were returning to Europe, he sent home intelligence of it, that measures might be taken to intercept them; Lord Nelson, however, continued the pursuit. They, however, eluded his vigilant search of them, and he returned to England filled with mortification and disappointment. The fleets of the enemy had in the mean time fallen in with Sir Robert Calder's squadron, and after their defeat by him, succeeded once more in getting into port. Lord Nelson having refitted, immediately sailed, quitting the shores of his beloved country, which he was destined never again to see! One might be tempted to believe, from some circumstances which might be enumerated, that the gallant admiral had a strong presentiment of the fate that awaited him. After his last return from the West Indies, he is said to have frequently expressed to his intimate friends, that life had almost become burthensome, or at least indifferent to him; and that his principal desire of prolonged existence, arose from the wish of being additionally serviceable to his country; adding, that he felt confident, whenever he next met the enemy, he should either return to his country a corpse, or bring the greatest part of the fleet of his opponents into a British port. In one of his private letters, which he wrote after joining the

fleet, he thus expressed himself: " It is the first wish of my heart to bring the enemy to action, and to die in the arms of victory." These are sentiments which seem to have been deeply impressed on his mind; from them might arise the little solicitude, or anxiety, with which he regarded his personal safety in the action, that consummated his fate. Alas, the wish of his gallant spirit was to be too speedily realized!

His lordship had received from the Admiralty, on the 1st or 2d of October, such information as induced him to believe that the enemy would soon put to sea. He had arranged, before he left London, to assume the command of the fleet, a plan, by which he would fight the enemy upon a new principle; it was extremely simple, but it was no sooner made known than it carried conviction to every naval officer; it afforded a complete remedy for that inconvenient system which requires a great variety and frequent changes of signals. " I shall never distract my fleet," said he, " in the day of battle, with a superabundance of signals." On the 4th of October he ordered all captains on board the Victory, and laid before them his new plan.—It was one of the peculiar features of Lord Nelson's character to be able, by the clearness and precision of his plans and orders, to make every man understand him in an instant: the new plan carried immediate conviction to them—they all exclaimed, that it could not but be successful.

Before the action began, the following sentence was conveyed, by telegraph, to all the ships in the fleet: " England expects that every man will do his duty." On its being explained by the captains to their respective crews, it was received with an enthusiasm which shewed, that the expectations of their country would not be disappointed on this occasion; and, indeed, from the accounts of every officer who was present, we believe it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the general exultation and joy that pervaded every ship, at the prospect of bringing the enemy's fleet to action. By none, perhaps, was this so forcibly and sincerely felt, as by his lordship. After the many anxious days and nights that he had passed, since the commencement of the war, in watching, or pursuing, the flying foe, he now, for the first time, had the satisfaction to behold the enemy he had so long sought for, drawn up to receive him, and in a situation where they had neither batteries, nor mooring-chains, to trust to for protection.

Whilst bearing down upon the enemy's line, he repeatedly said, " that it was the happiest day of his life, and that, from the plan of attack which he had laid down, he expected, that he should have possession of twenty of the enemy's ships before night: a prediction which was so nearly verified, that we hardly know whether most to admire, the consummate science and wisdom with which the plan of attack was previously arranged, or

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the cool intrepidity with which it was carried into complete execution; as not a single ship escaped of that part of the enemy's line on which his lordship had directed the principal effort to be made, and the total number of ships which had actually surrendered before night was nineteen, of which the Achille and a Spanish ship were burned, and the Redoubtable sunk after the action; but all of them had previously struck their colours.

It was his lordship's intentions to have broken through the enemy's line, between the tenth and eleventh of the enemy's ships in the van, at the same time that Admiral Collingwood penetrated their line, about the twelfth ship from the rear; but, finding the enemy's line in that part so close, that there was not room to pass, he ordered the Victory to be run on board of the ship which opposed him, and the Temeraire, by which the Victory was seconded, also ran on board of the next ship in the enemy's line; so that these four ships lay for a considerable time engaged together, in one mass, as it were, and so close, that the flash of almost every gun fired from the Victory, set fire to the Redoubtable, to which ship she was at that time opposed; whilst our seamen, with the greatest coolness, were, at intervals, employed, in the midst of the hottest fire, in throwing buckets of water to extinguish the flames on board of the enemy's ship; lest, by their spreading, they might involve both ships in destruction. We question if ancient or modern history can produce a more striking example of cool and deliberate valour, than what we have just recorded, and it certainly reflects the highest honour upon the discipline and intrepidity of that ship's crew.

It was during the hottest part of the action that his lordship received his fatal wound, whilst engaged with the Redoubtable and the French admiral, at the same time. The enemy's ships' tops were all crowded with soldiers, who had orders to aim particularly at the officers on the quarter-deck. The Victory was, in general, so completely enveloped in smoke, that it was difficult to distinguish any particular person on board; but, unfortunately, for a few seconds, when the smoke was more dispersed than usual, a soldier took aim at Lord Nelson, from the mizen-top of the Redoubtable; and, the instant he fired, his lordship fell, the ball entering near the left shoulder, passing through the lungs, and lodging in the spine. He was immediately sensible of the wound being mortal, and said, with a smile, to Captain Hardy, with whom he had been talking at that moment: "They have done for me at last!" He was soon obliged to be carried off the deck; and, as they were conducting him below, he remarked the tiller rope being too slack, which he desired them to acquaint Captain Hardy with, and to have it tightened.

His anxiety for the event of the day was such as seemed totally to surmount the pains of death, and every other consideration; he repeatedly sent to inquire how the battle went, and expressed the most lively satisfaction to find it favourable. His lower extremities soon became cold and insensible, and the effusion of blood from his lungs often threatened suffocation; but still his eyes seemed to brighten, and his spirits to revive, at hearing the cheers given by the crew of the Victory, as the different ships of the enemy surrendered. About four o'clock he became excessively anxious to see his friend Captain Hardy, and he sent for him several times, before that gallant officer thought it prudent to quit the deck at so interesting a moment.

About five o'clock, however, when he saw that the victory was completely decided, and the battle nearly ended, he was enabled to attend to the last wishes of the dying hero, who eagerly inquired how many ships were captured? on being told by Captain Hardy, that he was certain of twelve having struck, which he could see, but that probably more had surrendered; his lordship said, "What, *only twelve?* there should at least have been fifteen or sixteen, by my calculation; however (after a pause, he added), twelve is pretty well." He now said, "that he felt death fast approaching, and that he had but a few minutes to live;—that he could have wished to have survived a little longer, to have seen the fleet in safety; but, as that was impossible, he thanked God that he had outlived the action, and had been enabled to do his duty to his country." About this time he was again roused, by hearing another cheer from the crew of the Victory, at their seeing some more of the enemies' ships strike their colours; at which he expressed the highest satisfaction, on learning the cause, and shortly afterwards expired without a groan.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER *of* MR. PITT.

By MR. REDHEAD YORKE.

THE attention of the country was drawn to the meeting of parliament, and men of all parties were anxious for the discussion of the causes which produced the dissolution of the continental confederacy, when the death of the illustrious statesman, by whose efforts it was excited, occasioned a momentary suspension of public business. Mr. Pitt departed this life on Thursday morning, January 23, 1806, at a quarter past four o'clock, after having supported a long and painful illness, brought on by the uncommon fatigues of official duty, and the

cares which, at this period, are inseparable from the business of government. This great man has been withdrawn from us at a time when his acknowledged talents, fortitude, and patriotism, had become most necessary to the welfare of his country. In the metropolis, the consternation which his death has excited, together with the deep and undissembled sorrow depicted on the countenances of all orders of the community, demonstrate the exalted opinion universally entertained of him, and the loss which this nation has incurred by his death. Every one inquired of his neighbour with the most pungent expressions of grief, concerning the truth of the various reports that were in circulation; for every one knew, that in Mr. Pitt, England would lose the most resolute antagonist of the common enemy of Europe. He expired the victim of that ardent love of his country, which had marked his political career from its commencement to the ever to be lamented period of its termination; and the people of this empire, in bewailing his death, will long, I fear, find cause to deplore the want of his abilities.

Now that all political contest is at an end, the claims of Mr. Pitt to the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen will be impartially investigated, and no doubt fully admitted. Even those who have been habituated to act as his political opponents, during a long struggle of twenty-two years, must now join in the general regret; and be among the first to do justice to the rare and conspicuous endowments which have furnished such innumerable opportunities for the display of their own intellectual talents and vigour. The history of Mr. Pitt's administration forms a distinct chapter in the history of man. It has been an age of wonders; and its records comprehend whatever relates to human nature in the greatest extremes; in the lowest stages of depravity and corruption, and the most elevated scenes of public virtue and national prowess. Whatever was calculated to try the stoutest soul, he experienced; whatever storms the demon of anarchy had raised to appal the most courageous mind, his superior genius resisted and successfully overcame.

Amidst some errors of administration (for where is the being who can assume the character of faultless?) during twenty-two years of an arduous discharge of public duties; let it never be forgotten, that to HIM we are indebted for the preservation of our social happiness, and of that invaluable constitution which our gallant forefathers bequeathed to us, as the noblest monument of genius, freedom, and humanity. If HE had not possessed a mind sufficiently capacious to see the extent of the danger, if he had not opposed the most vigorous measures to the tempest that was raging within and without the realm, the fabric of our polity must have crumbled into ruins beneath the blows that were both openly and secretly levelled against it, by men of bold,

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enthusiastic, and furious imaginations. His character, in this respect, stands unrivalled: and therefore I may affirm, without the fear of contradiction, that Great Britain has lost the CHAMPION OF HER CONSTITUTION. When also we reflect upon his firm and unshaken resistance to the machinations and rude warfare of the French anarchists; the courage with which he braved their fury, even when we were abandoned by our allies; the splendid eloquence with which he denounced their crimes, and animated his country to persevere in the awful struggle; we may justly pronounce him to have been the avowed opponent of our *natural and hereditary enemy*, and therefore to have lived, acted, and died, a TRUE BRITON.

The history of the wars, negociations, government, policy, and conquests of this island, under his administration, will serve as a manual for every future politician. From his harangues and counsels, posterity will learn what were the arguments used on every occasion where the public interests were concerned; what were the topics urged to awaken the indolence, or to check the violence of the people; to elevate their hopes, or to alarm their apprehensions; to correct their prejudices, and to reform their abuses; what schemes of policy were proposed; what measures suggested; what artifices were used, what arguments urged by contending parties to establish their power and interest; what motives were proposed to engage the community in war, or to inspire the people with pacific dispositions; to prompt them to form, or to dissolve alliances; to extend their views to the interests and concerns of foreigners, or to confine their regards to their own security.

During the first ten years of his administration, the affairs of this country were prosperous beyond all example. After the fatal separation of the United States of America from the mother country, he repaired all the evils which had been engendered, and healed all the wounds which had been inflicted during that unhappy contest. The British empire made a greater progress in commercial opulence and maritime power, in the course of the period alluded to, than it had done for the century preceding. A new spirit was created in the commercial world; and the commercial interests of the country, directed by a genius which knew how to combine them with the philosophy of government, advanced the power of the nation to such an exalted pitch, that we have been enabled, in consequence of this system, to maintain a war against the most enterprising and formidable enemy in the world, for the space of thirteen years, with resources continually increasing, and with a vigour yet undiminished.

The second period of his administration was distinguished by scenes of turbulence and public confusion, in which he had to labour against the corrupt clamours and perverse inclinations of

a large portion of the community; against the popular eloquence of rival statesmen; and the violent animosity of a foreign power, which had collected all the energies of a great nation into one focus, for the purpose of pointing them with unchangeable constancy against this empire. Yet he victoriously repulsed the foreign and domestic foes of his country. Internal factions were checked, dismayed, and silenced; while the foreign invader was kept in perpetual alarm for his own safety. Neither the dangerous situation of affairs, nor the dismay of some men, deterred Mr. Pitt from persevering in the line of conduct which his sound judgment pointed out as the most conducive to the welfare, prosperity, and glory of his country. He awakened the public from their despair, and gradually calmed their apprehensions; he dispelled the mist of terror, and diffused bright hopes and cheerful expectations. Confidence and resolution, magnanimity and courage, indignation and martial rage, vigorous efforts, and generous contempt of danger, fully confessed the irresistible force and energy of our great commoner's mind. His countrymen finally hung on him as on some oracle, that points the way to security; they resigned themselves to his direction, and rushed enthusiastically forward to the dangerous field of glory which he had pointed out to them. The force of eloquence never wrought greater prodigies amongst any people; for when he spoke he illuminated, and cast the full glory of evidence round simple truth.

Having thus given a brief sketch of the unrivalled merits of Mr. Pitt's administration, I cannot refrain from mentioning, before I quit the subject, one popular institution, which originated in his time. He was the author and strennous advocate of the volunteer system; that system upon which, after all, our ultimate safety must depend. Mr. Pitt was particularly partial to this institution; and it is not a little remarkable, that it arose out of the public disorders, and at a period when persons of less resolute minds trembled at the idea of entrusting arms into the hands of so vast a proportion of the population of the country. Far different were his conceptions. He knew that he was planting a seed of patriotism in a generous soil, which, on some future day of necessity, would shoot forth to a towering height, spread its ramifications over the whole country, and afford shelter to all its inhabitants. The event has justified his conclusion. During the last war, the volunteer institution repressed internal broils, and enabled our regulars to enter upon a more glorious theatre of operations: during the present war, it has deterred the enemy, and still continues to prevent him from executing that menaced invasion, which, if successful, would be followed by ignominious bondage, insulting tyranny, rapacious oppression, and wanton outrage.

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The old systems of Europe having been completely thrown down by the violence of the French revolution, it became necessary to adopt a new mode of thought and action, in order to cope with its desolating fury. To alter thus those ancient habitudes, those venerable prepossessions, which formed the themes of eulogy conferred upon the greatest statesmen of times past, required no common exertion of intellectual powers. Mr. Pitt, however, surmounted this difficulty; and his mind grasped at the means by which the independence of a great empire was to be maintained. His celebrated speech upon the letter of Bonaparte to the king, opens to our view the politics of France and of its revolutionary chief; and, as long as the English language prevails upon the earth, it will be read and studied with admiration.

To enumerate the qualities and public worth of our departed statesman, would require more time and patient investigation, than the limits of this publication will admit of; but it may not be amiss to recapitulate the most prominent features of an administration which has been marked by a series of eminent services rendered to the state and to mankind.

I have already mentioned the long and happy peace that reigned over Europe, with a very little interruption, for the first ten years of Mr. Pitt's ministerial functions. In that interval, the foundations of our commercial grandeur were laid; our distant possessions in the east were placed in a condition of security, and the rapacious cupidity of governors, who had abused their delegated trust, was subjected to the direct controul of the government at home. The West Indies, in the midst of a terrific insurrection, which desolated the most valuable colony of France, were preserved entire, in their wonted good order, and prosperity. The honour of the British flag was asserted by a vigorous and bloodless preparation for war in the affair of Nootka Sound; and the prompt and judicious interference of the British government upon the occasion of the revolution in Holland, in 1786, saved that republic, and was a splendid evidence of the advantages which accrue, from watching, with jealousy, over the maintenance of the balance of power. The suppression of seditious doctrines at home; the repulsion of them from abroad; and the war in which we were afterwards engaged, manifested the greatest energy, judgment, and courage. In that war, Britain made unparalleled efforts. All the colonies of France and Holland were conquered by our arms; and their fleets, together with those of Spain, which afterwards became their ally, were repeatedly defeated, and finally rendered incapable of carrying on any offensive operations which might strike at the public security. Upon the continent, we engaged first as auxiliaries, and afterwards as principals in the war. But, though the disciplined armies of Europe were compelled to retreat

treat before the impetuous fury of revolutionary fanatics, who were poured like torrents upon their enemies, by a government which was alike regardless of the lives and properties of the people, whose rights it usurped; the army of Great Britain still maintained its ancient reputation, and fought with signal valour against superior numbers, abetted by the dark acts of perfidy and intrigue.

The power of this empire has never been exerted upon the splendid scene of European warfare, since the days of Marlborough, because its policy has been variously directed to colonial aggrandizement or security. Hence, we have never been able to bring an army into the field capable of acting singly out of England, with sufficient effect to make a permanent impression upon France. This, however, is the result of the policy we thought it wisest to pursue. But, what was defective in our means by land, were more than compensated by the lustre of our arms at sea: Our commercial navigation furnished the means of providing a navy which kept the world in awe; which has, on more than one occasion, revived the sinking spirits of Europe, and taught the enemies of our naval superiority, to respect that maritime dominion, which we had acquired by our industry and valour. In the course also of a war, pregnant with great events, which scattered every where the germs of discord; which dethroned some legitimate sovereigns, and rendered the dominions of others insecure; the British empire was preserved in its original integrity; its remote possessions enjoyed the happiness of domestic tranquillity; valuable accessions of territory were gained from our enemies, and a thousand benefits were showered down upon the metropolitan country. As rapidly as dangers threatened they were removed. Mutinies in our fleets were crushed by the vigour of government; and the Irish rebellion, hatched by fraud and ambition, was overtaken and punished, by an happy mixture of firmness with clemency. Finally, all orders of men became sensible of the folly of mutual exasperation; the union with Ireland, one of the most triumphant acts of Mr. Pitt's public life, consolidated the forces of the two kingdoms, and will be a monument of his glory to future generations.

In the course of his last administration, he found the country engaged in a just and necessary war with our ancient, inveterate, and implacable enemy. The principles of disaffection had subsided; the love of the constitution was general and predominant; but this very circumstance gave rise to those political divisions, which, in a free community, will happen amongst the great leaders of the state. Hence, Mr. Pitt lost the support of many who had been the associates of his political career, and the coadjutors in his first grand struggle against France. Notwithstanding their secession, he courageously em-

barked in the cause of his king and country. He perceived that the progress of the French government was a perpetual series of encroachments upon the liberties and independance of the world, and finding the moment propitious, the dispositions of the principal sovereigns favourable, and the danger to all pressing and imminent, he excited that continental confederacy, which (if it had been conducted with the degree of talent that the emergency exacted) must have effected the deliverance of Europe. The principle upon which it was raised was politic, and in perfect conformity with that system which has hitherto saved Europe from falling under the dreadful yoke of universal monarchy; but the executive effort, for which he could not be responsible, was, unfortunately for the world, selected without a due regard to the lamentable contingencies which sprung outof it.

At no time did Mr. Pitt enjoy a good state of health. The burthen of public duty had consumed his frame. Unfortunately, the catastrophe on the plains of Moravia, came in untimely aid of that disease which had already made such havoc in a feeble constitution. Mind and body being thus assailed at the same moment, the shock was too irresistible to be withstood; and life, already too much enfeebled, was torn up by the roots.

The last awful scene that terminated the mortal career of this great man, corresponded with the tenour of his life. In closing his eyes for ever upon this unhappy world, he had the consolation at least, of leaving his country in possession of that constitution, and of that independence, which it was the ambition of his life to secure; and which he victoriously maintained amidst the faded glory and perishing fragments of ancient Europe. Peace for ever be to his honoured shade! But may his spirit—that spirit which electrified admiring senates, which withered with the force of lightning the nerves of his formidable opponents, and which shook the power of France itself, still continue to hover over us, and to animate our hearts to persevere with constancy, fortitude, and zeal, to the end of this great and momentous contest! May the accents of proud defiance, which he thundered against the enemies of his country, be recollected with fervent gratitude by the age in which he lived, as they will be read with holy raptures by the generations that are to follow! Then, when at the sound of the last trumpet, on the great day of final retribution, the mighty dead shall be summoned in concert with the living, to render an account of their actions upon this sublunary sphere; let us hope, that, in ascending to immortal glory, he will find that England was ever true to herself; that religion, virtue, and freedom, continued to flourish to the end of all things; and that her sons were neither subdued by their own internal vices, nor conquered by the violence of her foreign enemies!

Particulars

Particulars respecting the Residence of the Jews in England.

IT may probably be difficult to say at what time the Jews first came to England, though it is generally believed that their first appearance, at least under the name of Jews, was in the reign of William the Conqueror. It was in the Old Jewry that they first settled; whence, increasing under the protection of the conqueror and his successor, they were permitted to disperse themselves throughout the kingdom. The chief places of their residence, however, were the larger trading-towns, such as York, Lincoln, Norwich, Northampton, Leicester, Cambridge, and others, in several of which they built synagogues.

In a short time the Jews were considered as a necessary people, and useful to merchants as bankers: for which reason they were placed under the particular jurisdiction of an officer appointed by the king, called the justiciary of the Jews, whose business it was to protect them in their just rights, and to decide in all causes between them and the Christians. After the death of John the Jews met with little encouragement in England. Henry III. was covetous, and the Jews had grown rich: their wealth had excited the envy of the multitude, and pretences were easily found to strip them of it. The king, more covetous than just, protected them no longer. By the laity they were accused of crimes against the state; by the clergy, against religion. The laity charged them with forgery, clipping, coining, and usury: the clergy, with enchantment, and crucifying the children of the Christians, in contempt of the religion of the country.

These crimes, whether true or false, were sufficient to excite a general clamour against them; and not only afforded Henry a fair opportunity of seizing their wealth, but an excuse to his successor for expelling them the kingdom when they had nothing left to seize. The chief places in which they dwelt in London, as appears by the different grants of their property from Edward I. were Wood-street, Lad-lane, Catte-street, Colechurch-street, Ironmonger-lane, St. Olave, and St. Laurence Jewry.

EXTRAORDINARY DISEASE.

A Disease of a very extraordinary nature has appeared among the labourers in a coal-mine at Anzain, near Valenciennes, the cause of which appears to be confined to a single shaft in that mine. The face and the whole body assume a very dark yellow colour, and the patient falls into a state of languor and exhaustion,

exhaustion, in which he lingers several months, sometimes more than a year, when death generally supervenes. Four men who had been thus affected more than eight months, were removed to the hospital of the School of Medicine at Paris. The characteristic symptoms they exhibited were, an universal discolouration, swelling, inability to walk without oppression, palpitations, and habitual perspiration. One of these poor men fell a victim to the malady. M. Halle, on opening his body, was particularly struck with the absence of blood in almost every part; and this he justly considered as one of the most remarkable circumstances of the disease. The mode of treatment adopted with respect to the others after this discovery was more successful. The first indication of this favourable change appeared in the projection of the blood vessels. At the period when M. Halle drew up the above statement, the three labourers had almost entirely recovered, and their skin had resumed nearly its natural colour.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

ON the 22d of October last, about three o'clock in the morning, M. Huth, at Frankfort, on the Older, discovered a comet in the hindermost foot of the Great Bear. It was scarcely visible with the naked eye, but was easily discernible with a common telescope. In size and brightness it resembled the great spot in Andromeda, but it was perfectly ou nd. At four o'clock its right ascension was 166° 30′; its declination 33° 40′. At five the former was 166° 32′; the latter 33° 32′. Its course was southerly, a little to the west. The same comet was seen on the 23d of Octobet at Berlin, by M. Bode, between three and four in the morning. It was then to the westward of the position which it occupied on the preceding day: its right ascension was then about 174° 25′, and its northern declination 27° 40′.

REFLECTION.

IT cannot be too often inculcated that man's true happiness consists in an humble dependence on a merciful providence.

A QUESTION, *by J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell.*

GIVEN $x^2y+xy^3=960$

$x^6y^2+x^2y^6=783360$,

To find x and y, without any affected equation whatever.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry, to R. Trewavas's Charade, inserted December 2.

BEHOLD upon the swelling wave
The TOP-SAIL neat and gay;
Our gallant tars invite the brave,
Whilst glory leads the way.

*** We have received the like answers from W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; Palemon, and Thomas Prout, of Mevagissey; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. Day, of Wimborne; L. M. of Plymouth; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; H. Glasson, of Crowan; and J. Light, of Sherborne.

Answer, by H. Glasson, of Crowan, to T. Rutger's Charade, inserted December 9.

GROUND-IVY is the herb I think;
Its good to use, to boil and drink.

*** Similar answers have been received from R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; T. Trowbridge, of Plymouth; and Rusticus, of Awliscombe.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

MY first appears in yonder field,
In yellow autumn's reign,
And doth amazing plenty yield
Of the most useful grain.

Beneath my next the wisest part
Is of the human frame,
Which treats of industry and art,
And often merits fame.

When beauteous warblers wing the air,
My whole is often seen;
And of it I pray take great care
Lest it should enter in.

An ENIGMA, *by Primrose, of Taunton.*

STILL war prevails with unabating rage;
Still Europe's realms in contests fierce engage;
Embattled hosts o'erspread their ample plains,
And far around destructive horror reigns.
Thro' Austria's land see warlike troops advance,
Led by th' usurper of the throne of France;
Who, like great Ammon's son would fain aspire,
And be the spacious earth's o'er-ruling sire.
But those that "wade thro' slaughter to a throne"
My softening influence have rarely known;
Are strangers to the joys which those possess
Where I am found to cheer the peaceful breast;
For if ambition's votries me could find,
The world's great conq'ror sure had ne'er repin'd.

Fame, honour, grandeur, riches may allure,
Yet their possessors seldom me procure;
Not India's wealth, nor mines of rich Peru
Can purchase me; and, tho' enjoy'd by few,
All ranks esteem, and fain would me obtain,
Yet thousands must confess their utmost search must vain.

POETRY.

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, 1806.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Esq. the Poet-Laureat.*

WHEN ardent zeal for virtuous fame,
When virtuous honour's holy flame,
Sit on the gen'rous warrior's sword,
Weak is the loudest lay the muse can sing,
His deeds of valour to record;
And weak the boldest flight of fancy's wing:
Far above her high career,
Upborne by worth th' immortal chief shall rise,
And to the lay-enraptur'd ear
Of seraphs, list'ning from the empyreal sphere,
Glory, her hymn divine, shall carol thro' the skies.

For tho' the muse in all unequal strain*
Sang of the wreaths that Albion's warriors bore
From ev'ry region and from every shore,
The naval triumphs of her George's reign—
Triumphs by many a valiant son
From Gaul, Iberia, and Batavia won;
Or by St. Vincent's rocky mound,
Or sluggish Texel's shoaly sound;
Or Hafnia's† hyberborean wave,
Or where Canopus' billows lave
Th' Egyptian coast, while Albion's genius guides
Her dauntless hero thro' the fav'ring tides,
Where rocks, nor sands, nor tempests' roar,
Nor batteries thund'ring from the shore,
Arrest the fury of his naval war,
When glory shines the leading star;
Still higher deeds the lay recording claim,
Still rise Britannia's sons to more exalted fame.

The fervid source of heat and light
Descending thro' the western skies,
Tho' veil'd awhile from mortal sight,
Emerging soon with golden beam shall rise,
In orient climes with brighter radiance shine,
And sow th' ethereal plains with flame divine.
So damp'd by peace's transient smile,
If Britain's glory seem'd to fade awhile,
Yet, when occasion's kindling rays
Relumine valour's gen'rous blaze,
Higher the radiant flames aspire,
And shine with clearer light, and glow with fiercer fire.

From Europe's shores th' insidious train,
Eluding Britain's watchful eye,
Rapid across th' Atlantic fly
To isles that stud the western main;
There proud their conqu'ring banners seem to rise,
And, fann'd by shadow'y triumphs, flout the skies:

But

* Alluding to a poem called Naucratia, written by the author, and dedicated by permission to his majesty.

† Copenhagen.

But, lo! th' avenging pow'r appears,
His victor-flag immortal Nelson rears;
Swift as the raven's om'nous race
Fly the strong eagle o'er th' ethereal space,
The Gallic barks the billowy deep divide,
Their conquests lost in air, o'erwhelm'd in shame their pride.

The hour of vengeance comes—by Gades' tow'rs,
By high Trafalgar's ever-trophied shore,
The godlike warrior on the adverse pow'rs
Leads his resistless fleet with daring prore.
Terrific as th' electric bolt that flies
With fatal shock athwart the thund'ring skies,
By the mysterious will of Heaven
On man's presuming offspring driven,
Full on the scatter'd foe he hurls his fires,
Performs the dread behest, and in the flash expires—

But not his fame—While chiefs who bleed
For sacred duty's holy meed,
With glory's amaranthine wreath,
By weeping victory crown'd in death,
In history's awful page shall stand
Foremost amid th' heroic band;
Nelson! so long thy hallow'd name
Thy country's gratitude shall claim;
And while a people's pæans raise
To thee the choral hymn of praise,
And while a patriot monarch's tear
Bedews and sanctifies thy bier,
Each youth of martial hope shall feel
True valour's animating zeal;
With emulative wish thy trophies see,
And heroes yet unborn, shall Britain owe to thee.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SOLITUDE: *A* SONNET.

SEQUESTER'D in the deep embosom'd groves,
Where untrod verdure clads the ambient dell,
Doth musing solitude delight to dwell,
Nor e'er well-pleas'd from these recesses roves.
Calm, sweet retreat! from rude intrusion free,
Remote from discord, and contentious noise;
While unmolested are thy peaceful joys,
And undisturb'd thy mild tranquillity.
Here contemplation oft, on active wing,
Free, unconfin'd, her course pursues untir'd;
Haply resolves, by glowing ardour fir'd,
Deep truths that flow from inspiration's spring:
Still ponders on the favourite theme profound,
While silence, grateful silence! reigns around.

Taunton. PRIMROSE.

On the Fashion of Ladies carrying their Watches in their Bosoms.

AMONG our fashionable bands,
No wonder now if time should linger;
Allow'd to place his *two* rude *hands*,
Where others dare not lay a *finger*.

THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 10, 1806.

Romantic History of Zariadres and the Princess Odatis.

[From the Greek of Athenæus.]

IN the reign of Hyspaspes, king of Media, Zariadres his brother held the absolute dominion of those provinces which lie between the Caspian states and the river Tanais. His person, the most perfect specimen of manly beauty ever known, attracted the universal admiration of those who saw him, and was indeed celebrated all over Asia. The fairest and most noble princesses in the world would with rapture have acknowledged him for their lord; but hitherto his heart had been insensible to the force of female attractions. He cultivated the qualities of a good prince and a valiant soldier, but love was a stranger to his bosom.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he grew melancholy and abstracted; he fled from the company of his counsellors and associates, neglected the affairs of state, relinquished even his favourite pleasures of the chace and of the table. He no longer accustomed himself daily to the use of arms; he left the officers of his army to inspect his troops; and gave himself up to the love of solitude and retirement.

After he had gone on for some time in this unusual mode of life, he grew as restless and impatient as he had been before indolent and inactive. He was continually breaking up his camp, and moving to all parts of his dominions, exercising himself and his men in long and toilsome marches, insensible to labour and fatigue, to the noon-tide heats, or to the damps of midnight.

But, lo! th' avenging pow'r appears,
His victor-flag immortal Nelson rears;
Swift as the raven's om'nous race
Fly the strong eagle o'er th' ethereal space,
The Gallic barks the billowy deep divide,
Their conquests lost in air, o'erwhelm'd in shame their pride.

The hour of vengeance comes—by Gades' tow'rs,
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